

A Princely Plumping

By: Indi

Tycho took a lot of pride in being a paladin, in helping others and trying to make the world a better place. As such, it took the lion considerable effort to fake a smile as he escorted the most spoiled royal he'd ever encountered. Beside him was Prince Royce Chazington the Third, a short white ferret with a blonde tuft of fur on his head.

He was—to put it bluntly—and absolute brat. The Prince behaved like everyone was his servant, treating Tycho more like a butler than a bodyguard. He lacked proper manners, looked down on all, and constantly mocked others both behind their backs and to their faces. Tycho couldn't believe he'd genuinely graduated from all the academies he gloated about attending. Or that he'd one day rule a kingdom.

Unfortunately Tycho had taken the mission to guard the Prince on his short trip, and was obligated to put up with him.

“This city's been boring and worthless,” the Prince moped, loudly. “Find us a place to eat—and the ale better be good, too!”

Tycho had learned very quickly that Royce had a weakness for food and booze, despite being lean. In fact it was one of the few things he seemed to care about, aside from fancy clothing and jewelry. At the very least Royce was willing to eat everything, especially if it was expensive.

“Yes your Highness, I'm sure there's a restaurant or two nearby for us to choose from.”

“Looking for food, travelers?”

Tycho and Royce looked towards the source of the voice. A portly rattlesnake in flowing robes bowed to them, a grin on his face. “I apologize for the interruption. My name is Decker, humble representative of The Cornucopia. No other district in the city has food and drink as diverse, delicious, or plentiful as us! I'd be honored to take you on a tour and provide complimentary samples.”

From the beginning Tycho was suspicious of Decker. His presence simply felt too convenient, the offer too good. “Thank you, but with how late it's getting I'm afraid we can't go on any tours today.”

“Of course we can!” Royce insisted, already beaming at the thought of free food. In his mind Decker clearly recognized how important he was. “Lead us to this Cornucopia place immediately so I can see if it meets my royal expectations.”

Tycho opened his mouth to object but immediately thought better of it. From experience he knew the Prince always got his way, usually after endless whining. Though he still had a bad feeling about the tour, he'd just have to keep his guard up.

The Cornucopia proved to be nearby, and wasn't at all what Tycho or Royce had expected. It was a series of maze-like alleys, full of restaurants, taverns, food stalls, and cooking fires. Cramped and crowded, the wonderful aroma of food somehow managed to make it feel inviting.

The moment they stepped foot in the Cornucopia Decker was passing them food.

“Try these skewers, best beef around! These noodles are a local specialty, you'll love them! You can't miss out on the grilled corn! Please, have more, it's the least we can do to honor such esteemed guests!”

Royce accepted everything with glee, stuffing himself without the slightest hint of hesitation. It was all so good, some of the best food he'd ever eaten, and he'd had the luxury of being fed by some of the most expensive chefs in the land.

Unwilling to offend even a suspicious host, Tycho ate the food as well. To his dismay it was wonderful, the kind of food that was easy to gorge on—and gorge he did.

The prince and the paladin were practically eating non-stop, Decker leading them deeper and deeper into the maze of eateries. Soon their bellies began to swell, rounding out as they were filled with

food. Despite their gluttony they didn't feel full. Instead every bite left them craving more, and there was always more. Their clothes grew tight—especially around the middle—but didn't rip or tear, magically stretching thanks to an enchantment Decker had stealthily applied in the chaos of the feeding frenzy.

“You must try the sausages with every condiment, they're all equally delightful! Wash it down with this cider, it'll give you the most refreshing buzz! Don't forget the scones—or to ask for thirds and fourths if you so desire!”

Portions were growing along with their waistlines. Tycho could feel a bounce in his step, was vaguely aware he was engorged, but something about the place made concentrating difficult. Whenever he attempted to focus his mind wandered to food. Royce remained oblivious, his belly even bigger than Tycho's.

As the feeding tour passed through an area dedicated to seafood, Tycho managed to regain his composure and resist the allure of food. He looked at his ball gut with surprise and embarrassment, reluctant to believe he'd eaten so much in such a short time. Or at least what had felt like such a short time. The sun had gone down when he wasn't looking.

“Alright, it's getting late. Thank you for being such a gracious host, but the Prince needs to return to his accommodations for the night,” Tycho said, stifling a burp.

“But there's still so much to eat!” Royce said in between bites. “We're not leaving until I've had my fill!”

Tycho looked at the Prince's bulging, bobbing belly with exasperation. “Your Highness, I really must insist. We can return tomorrow and try the rest, I promise.”

“We were going to come back tomorrow anyway, since this is the only worthwhile place to eat. But I've got a royal appetite to care for, and leaving now would be starving me!”

Before Tycho could reply Decker wrapped an arm around his shoulder and took him aside. “Now I understand your concerns, noble paladin, but I assure you there's no safer place in the city. There's no harm in letting the Prince enjoy himself a bit longer.”

“I think there's plenty of harm in that,” Tycho said, giving his new belly a shake for emphasis. “If he stays here he'll end up immobile—and so will I!”

“Oh, but that's the plan.” Decker grinned.

Tycho suddenly felt a gag pulled over his mouth, claws grabbing his arms and legs from behind. A gang of rattlesnakes swiftly carried him through a doorway and into a warehouse, Prince Royce too busy glutting to notice. Decker followed.

The paladin squirmed with all his might, his gut wobbling fiercely. He was shoved into a chair and tied up, a tube forced into his mouth. He let out muffled growls as he glared at Decker and the other snakes.

“Really paladin, you should've just enjoyed the free food. You'll still be feasting, but it won't be nearly as fun for you.” Decker gave Tycho's belly a squeeze, watching him wiggle in response. “I'm sure a prince and a paladin will get us a hefty ransom. We just need to make sure you're both too fat to escape or be rescued. Hope you like fish~”

As Decker walked away the hose in Tycho's maw began to shake. Suddenly something shot through it and into the back of his throat, forcing him to swallow. A faintly fishy taste reached his tongue. More came, an endless stream of fresh fish rocketing right into the lion's stomach. His belly rapidly ballooned outward, spreading across his lap.

He continued struggling, but his gut was growing heavier and heavier with each passing second, filling with a lake's worth of fish. The chair he sat on started creaking and groaning, not meant to handle such weight. Tycho was already huge, so stuffed he wasn't sure he'd actually be able to walk if he somehow escaped. The thought made him blush, and he hated how he wasn't completely opposed to having such a large gut.

With a crash the chair finally collapsed beneath him. By then Tycho was too stuffed to stand on

his own, held hostage by his own forced-gluttony. His belly grew larger, rounder, heavier. He couldn't wrap his arms around it, couldn't drag it even an inch. He worried the feeding might not end until he'd filled the whole warehouse.

While the paladin didn't end up room-filling, the fish didn't stop coming until his middle was a massive boulder nearly as wide as he was tall. Tycho didn't even try to move. It was obvious he was immobile. Once the ordeal was over, he knew he'd be teased to oblivion by his fellow paladins over how ridiculously he'd been captured.

Outside, Decker returned to Royce, who'd grown even rounder while he was away. "I've talked some reason into Tycho, and he's seen the wisdom of letting you finish your feast, your Highness. Now I think I know a bakery you'd absolutely adore."

Royce nodded in agreement, his mouth full of food. The Prince was steadily guided to the bakery, plumping up further along the way. By the time they arrived Royce was barely able to waddle, and had to be squeezed through the entrance. He was suddenly aware of just how much he'd eaten, and gave his gut a few nervous pokes.

Decker saw the concern and intervened. "Your capacity has been outstanding, as expected of a prince! And that majestically round belly—it makes you even more imposing!"

Such shallow praise, yet Royce fell for it with ease. "I guess it *does* show I can spend a fortune on food without a second thought," he said, completely ignoring the fact he'd been eating for free. He used a paw to hold his middle up, like a priceless work of art on a pedestal.

"Of course! And just think of how impressed everyone will be once you've cleared out a whole bakery of decadent treats."

Royce was guided to a cushioned bench, with nothing in front of it to block the future expansion of his royal belly. Platters and platters of pastries were brought out, all delicious and fattening. Royce was fed them one-by-one, not having to put any effort at all into the feasting. It was a pampering, the kind of lifestyle Royce was not only used to but felt he deserved.

Every once in a while the ferret would glance at his gut, which looked rounder each time. He was too lost in the taste to really sense the weight building in his middle, how he was getting too heavy to walk. More, he wanted more!

Decker wanted to laugh at how simple it'd been to trick the spoiled prince. He wasn't resisting at all, allowing himself to get stuffed just like the pastries he was gorging on. No force was required, no feeding hoses or straps. He was certain Royce could keep eating until he passed out, and might even continue the moment he woke up if told it would make him look good.

Gradually Royce became more belly than ferret, resembling a giant snowball packed in robes. His gluttony didn't subside. If anything it increased. Bigger was better, Decker had said so himself! He wanted everyone to look upon his towering middle with awe, to have them wonder if he could eat a whole kingdom's worth of food in one sitting. At that moment he was fairly convinced he could.

But in the middle of Royce's delusions of blubbery grandeur the pastries stopped coming. He frowned from atop his gut, which he'd been rolled onto earlier. "I'm not full yet, bring me more!"

Decker laughed. "You're as full as you need to be, your royal fatness. With how easy it is to trick you, I'm surprised you don't get kidnapped more often."

"Wh-What do you mean!" Royce was suddenly nervous.

"I mean, we managed to convince you into immobilizing yourself on the most fattening foods we could find, with practically zero effort." Decker gave Royce's middle a hard poke, causing him to wobble.

"You can't talk to me like that, I'm Prince Royce Chazington the Third! First in line to the throne, future leader of this entire kingdom, Guardian of the Grand Bounty—"

"I'm not sure if hoarding all that food in your gargantuan gut counts as guarding it!" Decker slapped the Prince's belly just to hear him yelp. "When you finally digest all this you're gonna end up a blubbery blob—probably the fattest ferret the kingdom's ever seen. So fat they'll have to roll you back

to the castle once the ransom's been paid! Better hope it doesn't take long for them to widen all the doorways in the place."

Decker laughed, and the rest of the rattlesnakes joined in. Numerous claws poked and prodded the stuffed ferret from all sides, teasing him relentlessly. Royce whimpered, humiliated. Any attempt to demand respect came out as a whine.

With effort the immobile prince was rolled out a back entrance of the bakery, squeezed and shoved through secret alleys, and finally left in the warehouse beside Tycho. The paladin awoke from his food-coma induced nap, and didn't bat an eye at what had become of the Prince. If anything he'd expected him to be larger.

"Tycho, save us!" Royce demanded, wobbling atop his gut and throwing a fit.

"Sure, I'll just roll over the whole lot of them." Tycho wasn't in the mood to be civil, especially to the childish prince. As the demands continued he shut his eyes, hoping the ordeal didn't drag on. He didn't know how long he could deal with Royce.

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Every time Tycho took a step he felt his whole body jiggle. And it wasn't just his enormous belly that wobbled, either. No, it was his cheeks, and his chins, and his rump. It was everything! Enchantments kept his clothing fitting well enough, but they still clung to all his curves and did nothing to hide his girth. Nothing short of an illusion could hide *that*, though.

The feeding back at the warehouse—and a couple more that followed—had more than tripled the lion's weight. When he'd finally been ransomed and returned home his fellow paladins hadn't been able to recognize him. There were plenty of jokes, of course, but Tycho had gotten used to them. What he hated more was how immense his appetite was.

There was a loud crash as he turned a corner.

And how often he was knocking over things with his unwieldy gut. He stepped back and looked down, frowning at the shattered vase. It wasn't valuable—thankfully—or a person. The Order's clerics had chastised him three times already for injuring smaller paladins with his wrecking ball of a belly.

Losing the weight was going to take time, and he already couldn't wait to be slim again. And maybe reach a point where looking at seafood didn't make him wince.

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Royce collapsed to the floor, rattling the furniture and walls. He was panting, exhausted, his round belly wobbling as it rose up and down. "This is dumb!"

"It's important that you slim down some, your Highness. The King doesn't like having to replace half the chairs you squeeze into." Royce's instructor spoke sternly, out of his field of view so he couldn't scowl at him. "Now if you finish this walk to the kitchen you can have cake."

The rotund royal perked up a little. "It has to be a whole cake!"

There was a sigh from behind. "Of course, your Highness."

Royce was helped up, his blubbery belly peeking out from beneath his tight tunic. Thanks to his short height he looked comically round, the bulk of the weight centered on his massive middle. Decker had kept him continuously stuffed while captive, and he'd ballooned to over six hundred pounds as a result. The castle kitchens had to work double-time just to keep up with his bottomless appetite, and there were whispers he'd actually gotten even fatter since returning.

Royce was *supposed* to be slimming down, but it was beginning to seem like nothing short of magic would accomplish such a feat. All he cared about was getting the sweets he deserved.

The portly prince continued waddling towards the kitchen, his thoughts filled with food.